2/13/77

Dear Jim,

In some ways the attached Schneider (meaning cut, ex-linguist) letter is the most Orwellian of all the FOIA/PA communications I have received.

There is some that may require explanation so you can understand it.

Let me try to work into it because I am tired.

This past summer I received from a professor of history at Washington University a copy of a record relating to me that he had found at the United Mine Workers. I sent you a copy. This man is the same one I helped with his doctoral thesis (Madison) and I felt I had to protect in writing Hoch about Antonio Veciana, Mr. X in the recent Anderson column. That UMW record refers to one Ben Allen as the architect of some of my troubles of that period. Frankly, I have no such recollection of Ben, if this could have been true without my knowing it. However, I do not believe it is true.

Ben used to be married to a very fine woman who after their marriage broke up took her maiden name, Goodman. Annie had a very nice daughter I still remember, Beverly. My last recollection of both is my attending a party Annie gave for Richard Wright. This was in what just happened to have been my apartment when I worked for the Senate. I know the apartment number was 400. I think the address was 2220 N, NW. I met Annie separately, long before I met Ben. I do recall it. There was a government-employee's union function of some sort at which I won a door prize, a ham, Smith's, their place then near where you now live. This was before I met Bill, who is the world's best on hams. I had it baked by an elderly black woman who had a basement place on the east side of 19 or 20 between K and M. She called herself the Virginia Baking Company - and what beaten biscuits she did make!

Those were Great Depression days. If I remember correctly once when I was awaiting him outside your office I introduced you to one Leo Goodman. When I met Leo, before World War II, he was the Washington rep of the United Shoe Workers. No relative of Annie. He still has the JFK accent. Leo had a friend, Harold November, with whom I was never really friendly. In fact I also was not fond of him.

Both November and Annie figure in the Rosenberg case, I think from attachments to a Perlin affidavit. In those records, also, a Green case, there is reference to a peace meeting featuring Paul Robeson. I took him to that meeting and from it, after meeting him at old National Airport, where the Pentagon now is.

How the spooks mix life up! I had no Rosenberg connection of any kind, but I did during those Great Depression days bring many needy people to Washington and help them get jobs. They ranged from a crooked judge still sitting outside of Washington - he used to steal my cigarettes when I was not home - to a former manager of the National Symphony. Even one now a wealthy Chicago lawyer who married a former girl friend. He is one of the three who shared that Street apartment. Plus the non-paying brother of one. Of these one whose name is obliterated is in the State files, the guy who said I was independent and would be for or against a USSR position on principle - and would be willing to be against them. Now the one with the non-paying but piano-playing brother, a college classmate, had the misfortune to be friendly in his graduate days at AU with one Eldon Billings, of Pasco, Washington, who became a Library of Congress employee and sang bitter songs when his job depended on it, forgetting that he owed much to this former college mate of mine who brought him into our housing when he could afford no more. This includes the Street address the State spooks could do nothing with. Simple. It was a GW sorority. Not only did we take that place for a summer and help ourselves and the gals by that much but it happened when I was off investigating the Burns detective agency in Cleveland and the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. in Akron and returned to not know where

I lived! He then had a very nice black maid whose real name was of all things Clondine. She was my size. While I was away a dozen pair of what was then new, Jockey shorts I had bought, just managed to disappear. They also just fit her.

This Pasco Kid, Billings, who had a job to keep, was the college (graduate) mate of my college(undergraduate) friend Salkind, who just happened to marry the widow of Danny Driesen, a wonderful guy and a friend of mine and who just happened to be the Washington representative of Harry Bridge's union when Bridges was a militant. (Danny was killed in World War II and I've seen none of the others since.)

Sharing offices with Danny or succeeding him were two either or both of whom could have been finks, one from the National Maritime Union. One was a Sam Goldstick and the other Bjorne Halling. I think but I'm not sure Goldstick was NMU, then Joe Curran, who I knew, and the more radical Blackie Myers, who I knew better. Anyway, there was some kind of peace meeting in Rock Creek Park, I transported Goldtsick (I think his wife also) and Annie Goodman and I flooded my car going through a ford. I'm fairly certain this figures in some spook record.

While most of this is before I met Vil some probably is not.

All those with whom I lived, except for the Pasco Kid those I also took to Washington, also were federal employees. So can you believe that Civil Service has neither more nor less than the expurgated State records?

There has to be much that was, not to coin a phrase, Schmoidered.

Best,